

Charlotte, (N. C.) March 7, 1838.

NO. 387.

NOTICE.
All those indebted to me for 1837, are
to be paid in full, or in one payment, by June 1, 1838. The Date would be
much better, and by the 1st of July that
will pay our debts.

I continue to keep a small amount of
GOODS,

and will sell as low as is consistent with my
own interest.

W. M. F. ALEXANDER.

Feb. 5, 1838.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to Thomas Charles
are hereby notified that his Notes and
Accounts are in my hands for collection, by
virtue of a Deed of Trust executed to me
on the 29th instant. All these indebted are
requested to call on me immediately and
close their accounts.

M. W. ALEXANDER, Trustee.

Jan. 31, 1838.

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From the *Advertiser*.

THE HEART.

The human heart is mortal eye,
With veins its strings did burst,
A beauty and a mystery,
In all that breathes there,
In love, how sweetly 'twill brood,
Our feelings unconquer'd—
A bird that finds in solitude
The younglings of its nest,
Its hate is like volcano fire!
We reck not of its wrath,
Till bursts the lava of its ire,
Armed its scorching scath;
In frenzies 'tis of the blotted mire,
It stirs in time's dark bower—
That spring through misery's bitter wood,
To sweep life's way with flowers.
The heart's deepest—what simile
Portrays its gloom aight?
It is the hell of misery—
Unutterable aight!
Its hollow—[a tree whose life](#)
Eternity supplies;
And seeking to whose branches come
The birds of Paradise.
In every change the heart,
Is but a living lyre,
Where each fierce passion plays its part
Upon a separate wire;
But harsh and wild the tones will be,
Whilst passion round them clangs;
It never breathes true melody,
Till God has touched its strings.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The following narrative is communicated by a valuable correspondent, and has the merit of a strict conformity to truth in its detail. The story was related to the writer by those who were immediately engaged in the transactions it records, and whose veracity and intelligence cannot be doubted.

The Fatal Silver Bullet,

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the summer and autumn of 1777 while Sir William Howe, with a fleet and part of the royal army were lying at New York, General Burgoyne with his army were advancing from Canada toward Albany.

The object and design of the enemy were to possess themselves of Lake Champlain, with the whole of the Hudson, and thereby cut off all intercourse and communication between the Eastern and Southern States. For the purpose of watching the motions and annoying the operations of the hostile armies, General Washington had directed small bodies of troops to be stationed at Fish Hill, Redhook, Greenbush, and several other places on the East side of the river, between New York and Albany, with strict orders to take up and examine all strangers travelling up and down the river, either by land or water, and if detected in espionage, or employed in communicating information between the British armies, to be punished according to the rules of war.

About the first of September, a pedestrian passing northward, was hauled and stopped by a sentinel of the guard stationed at Redhook, and commanded by Capt. John Mansfield, of Connecticut. The man was about thirty years of age and clothed in the habit of a farmer. He was conducted to the guard house. Capt. M. inquired of him his name, the place of his residence, as well as that to which he was going, his business there, &c. He replied by giving a name and stated that he belonged to the place below Redhook, and was a farmer—that he was now on his way to the next town above, with a view to purchase a pair of oxen from a farmer of his acquaintance living there. He was asked whether he had about him any letter or other communication from Lord Howe, or any other British officer at New York, addressed to Gen. Burgoyne, or any officer in his army! To which he promptly answered in the negative. Capt. M. then told him that such were the orders of his superior officer, that it became his duty to search the persons of every traveller under similar circumstances; to which he replied, he had no objection to being searched—Capt. M. then directed two or three of the guard to take off his coat and examine the pockets, fobs, lining, and every other part critically. While this was doing, one of the guard observed the prisoner to pass his hand with a quick motion from his vest pocket to his mouth, and by the motion of his skin seemed to be swallowing something that "went down rather hard," as he expressed himself. The search, however, continued and was finished, without any discovery which would justify the farther detention of the prisoner. Capt. M. was then informed of the suspicious circumstances noticed by the guard.

What was now to be done? Strong suspicion had attached itself to the stranger, but no positive proof had yet appeared against him. An expedient soon suggested itself to the ready thoughts of our Yankee Captain. He observed to the prisoner, "we have detained you on your journey for some length of time, and subjected you to a pretty strict examination. I feel bound by the rules of military to treat you to a bowl of toddy, before you proceed on, and if you will drink with us you shall be made welcome." The man was pleased with the invitation and readily agreed to accept it. The Captain took upon himself the office of bar-keeper, and soon prepared the toddy. To make it genuine and answer the purpose for which he wanted it he stirred in a good and sufficient dose of emetic tartar. Our stranger being thirsty and somewhat fatigued by travelling, drank very freely of the beverage while the Captain and others present heartily tasted and passed it round.

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Stew. After your father's death.

Col. My father dead, too!

Stew. Ah, poor man! he never was buried.

Col. What more misery—more distress?

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